1603.

THE VVONderfull yeare.

Wherein is ſhewed the picture of *London*, lying ſicke of the Plague.

At the ende of all (like a mery Epilogue to a dull Play) certaine Tales are cut out in ſundry faſhions, of purpoſe to ſhorten the lines of long winters nights, that lye watching in the darke for vs.

Et me rigidi legant Catones.

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be ſolde in Saint Donſtones Church-yarde in Fleet-ſtreete.

TO HIS WEL-RESPECTED GOOD friend, M. *Cuthbert Thuresby*, Water-*Bailiffe of London*.

BOokes are but poore gifts, yet *Kings* receiue them: vpō which, I preſume, you will not turne *This* out of doores. You cannot for ſhame, but bid it welcome, becauſe it bringes to you a great quantitie of my loue, which, if it be worth litle, (and no maruell if *Loue* be ſolde vnder-foote, when the God of *Loue* himſelfe, goes naked) yet I hope you will not ſay you haue a hard bargaine, Sithēce you may take as much of it as you pleaſe for nothing. I haue clapt the *Cognizance* of your name, on theſe ſcribled papers, it is their liuery: So that now they are yours: being free frō any vile imputation, ſaue only, that they thruſt themſelues into your acquaintance. But generall errors, haue generall pardons: for the title

of other mens names, is the common *Heraldry* which all those laie claime too, whose crest is a Pen-and Inckhorne. If you read, you may happilie laugh; tis my desire you should, because mirth is both *Phisicall*, and wholesome against the *Plague*, with which sicknes, (to tell truth) this booke is, (though not sorely) yet somewhat infected. I pray, driue it not out of your companie for all that; for (assure your soule) I am so iealous of your health, that if you did but once imagine, there were gall in mine Incke, I would cast away the Standish, and forsweare medling with anie more *Muses.*

To the Reader.

AND why to the *Reader?* Oh good Sir! theres as found law to make you giue good words to the *Reader*, as to a *Conſtable* when he carues his watch about him to tell how the night goes, tho (perhaps) the one (oftentimes) may be ſerued in for a *Gooſe*, and the other very fitly furniſh the ſame meſſe: Yet to mainteine the ſeruy faſhion, and to keepe *Cuſtome* in reparations, he muſt be honyed, and come-ouer with *Gentle Reader, Courteous Reader*, and *Learned Reader*, though he haue no more *Gentilitie* in him than *Adam* had (that was but a gardner) no more *Ciuility* than a *Tartar*, and no more *Learning* than the moſt errand *Stinkard*, that (except his owne name) could neuer finde any thing in the Horne-booke.

How notoriouſly therefore do good wits diſhonor not only their *Calling*, but euen their *Creation*, that worſhip *Glow-wormes* (in ſtead of the *Sun*) becauſe of a little falſe gliſtering? In the name of *Phœbus* what madnes leades them vnto it? For he that dares hazard a preſsing to death (thats to ſay, *To be a man in print*) muſt make account that he ſhall ſtand (like the old Wethercock ouer Powles Steeple) to be beaten with all ſtormes. Neither the ſtinking Tobacco-breath of a *Sattin-gull*, the *Aconited* ſting of a narrow-eyd *Critick*, the faces of a phantaſtick Stage-monkey, nor the *Indeede-la* of a Puritanicall Citizen, muſt once ſhake him. No, but deſperately reſolue (like a french Poſt) to ride through thick & thin: indure to ſee his lines torne pittifully on the rack: ſuffer his Muſe to take the *Baſtoone*, yea the very ſtab, & himſelfe like a new ſtake to be a marke for euery *Hagler*, and therefore (ſetting vp all theſe reſts) why ſhuld he regard what fooles bolt is ſhot at him?

Beſides, if that which he preſents vpon the Stage of the world be *Good*, why ſhould he baſely cry out (with that old poeticall mad-cap in his *Amphitruo*) *Iouis ſummi cauſa clarè plaudite*, beg a *Plaudite* for God-ſake! If *Bad*, who (but an Aſſe) would intreate (as Players do in a cogging *Epilogue* at the end of a filthie Comedy) that, be it neuer ſuch wicked ſtuffe, they would forbeare to hiſſe, or to dam it perpetually to lye on a Stationers ſtall. For he that can ſo coſen himſelfe, as to pocket vp praiſe in that ſilly ſort, makes his braines fat with his owne folly.

But *Hinc Pudor*! or rather *Hinc Dolor*, heeres the Diuell! It is not the ratling of all this former haile-ſhot, that can terrifie our *Band* of *Caſtalian Pen-men* from entring into the field: no, no, the murdring Artillery indeede lyes in the roaring mouthes of a company that looke big as if they were the ſole and ſingular *Commanders* ouer the maine Army of *Poeſy*, yet (if *Hermes* muſter-booke were ſearcht ouer) theile be found to be moſt pitifull pure freſh-water ſouldiers: they giue out, that they are heires-apparent to *Helicon*, but an eaſy *Herald* may make them meere yonger brothers, or (to ſay troth) not ſo much. Beare witnes all you whoſe wits make you able to be witneſſes in this caſe, that heere I medle not with your good Poets, *Nam tales, nuſquàm ſunt hîc amplius*, If you ſhould rake hell, or (as *Ariſtophanes* in his *Frog* ſayes) in any Celler deeper than hell, it is hard to finde Spirits of that *Faſhion*. But thoſe Goblins whom I now am coniuring vp, haue bladder-cheekes puft out like a *Swizzers* breeches (yet beeing prickt, there comes out nothing but wind) thin-headed fellowes that liue vpon the ſcraps of inuention, and trauell with ſuch vagrant ſoules, and ſo like Ghoſts in white ſheetes of paper, that the Statute of Rogues may worthily be ſued vpon them, becauſe their wits haue no abiding place, and yet wander without a paſſe-port. Alas, poore wenches (the nine Muſes!) how much are you wrongd, to haue ſuch a number of Baſtards lying vpō your hands? But turne them out a begging; or if you can not be rid of their Riming-company (as I thinke it will be very hard) then lay your heauie and immortall curſe vpon them,

that

that whatſoeuer they weaue (in the motley-loome of their ruſty pates) may like a beggers cloake, be full of ſtolne patches, and yet neuer a patch like one another, that it may be ſuch true lamentable ſtuffe, that any honeſt Chriſtian may be ſory to ſee it. Baniſh theſe *Word-pirates* (you ſacred miſtreſſes of learning) into the gulfe of *Barbariſme*: doome them euerlaſtingly to liue among dunces: let them not once lick their lips at the *Theſpian* bowle, but only be glad (and thanke *Apollo* for it too) if hereafter (as hitherto they haue alwayes) they may quench their poeticall thirſt with ſmall beere. Or if they will needes be ſtealing your *Helicconian Nectar*, let them (like the dogs of *Nylus*) only lap and away. For this *Goatiſh* ſwarme are thoſe (that where for theſe many thouſand yeares you went for purè maides) haue taken away your good names, theſe are they that deflowre your beauties. Theſe are thoſe ranck-riders of Art, that haue ſo ſpur-gald your luſtie wingd *Pegaſus*, that now he begins to be out of fleſh, and (euen only for prouander-ſake) is glad to ſhew tricks like *Bancks* his Curtall. O you Booke-ſellers (that are Factors to the Liberall Sciences) ouer whoſe Stalls theſe Drones do dayly flye, humming; let *Homer*, *Heſiod*, *Euripides*, and ſome other mad Greekes with a band of the Latines, lye like musket-ſhot in their way, when theſe Gothes and Getes ſet vpon you in your paper fortifications; it is the only Canon, vpon whoſe mouth they dare not venture, none but the Engliſh will take their parts, therefore feare them not, for ſuch a ſtrong breath haue theſe cheeſe-eaters, that if they do but blow vpō a booke, they imagine ſtraight tis blaſted, *Quod ſupra nos, Nihil ad nos*, (they ſay) that which is aboue our capacitie, ſhall not paſſe vnder our commendation. Yet would I haue theſe Zoiliſts (of all other) to reade me, if euer I ſhould write any thing worthily, for the blame that knowne-fooles heape vpon a deſeruing labour does not diſcredit the ſame, but makes wiſe men more perfectly in loue with it. Into ſuch a ones hands therefore if I fortune to fall, I will not ſhrinke an inch, but euen when his teeth are ſharpeſt, and moſt readie to bite, I will ſtop his mouth only with this, *Hæc mala ſunt, ſed tu, non meliora facis.*

Reader.

WHereas there ſtands in the Rere-ward of this Booke a certaine mingled Troope of ſtrange Diſcourſes, faſhioned into Tales, Know, that the intelligence which firſt brought them to light, was onely flying Report: whoſe tongue (as it often does) if in ſpredding them it haue tript in any materiall point, and either ſlipt too farre, or falne too ſhort, beare with the error, and the rather, becauſe it is not wilfully committed. Neither let any one (whome thoſe Reports ſhall ſeeme to touch) cauill, or complaine of iniury, ſithence nothing is ſet downe by a malitious hand. Farewell.

THE WONDER-full yeare.

VErtumnus being attired in his accuſtomed habit of changeable ſilke, had newly paſſed through the firſt and principall Court-gate of heauen: to whom for a farewell, and to ſhewe how dutifull he was in his office, Ianus (that beares two faces vnder one hood) made a very mannerly lowe legge, and (becauſe he was the onely Porter at that gate) preſented vnto this King of the monethes, all the New-yeares gifts, which were more in number, and more worth then thoſe that are giuen to the great Turke, or the Emperour of Perſia: on went Vertumnus in his luſtie progreſſe, Priapus, Flora, the Dryades, and Hamadryades, with all the wodden rabble of thoſe that dreſſt Orchards and Gardens, perfuming all the wayes that he went, with the ſweete Odours that breath'd from flowers, hearbes and trees, which now began to pepe out of priſon: by vertue of which excellent aires, the ſkie got a moſt cleare complexion, lokt ſmug and ſmothe, and had not ſo much as a wart ſticking on her face: the Sunne likewiſe was freſhly and verie richly apparelled in cloth of gold like a bridegroome; and in ſtead of gilded Roſemary, the hornes of the Ramme, (being the ſigne of that celeſtiall bride-houſe where he laie, to be marryed to the Spring) were not like your common hornes parcell-gilt, but double double-gilt, with the liquid gold that melted from his beames: for ioy whereof the Larke ſung at his windowe euery morning, the Nightingale euery night: the Cuckow (like a ſingle-

Vertumnus God of the yeare.

Deſcription of the Spring.

Vpon the 21. of Marche the Spring begins, by reaſon of the Sunnes entrance into Aries.

sole Fidler, that réeles from Tauerne to Tauerne) plide it all the day long: Lambes friskte vp and downe in the vallies, Kids and Goates leapt to and fro on the Mountaines: Shepheards sat piping, country wenches singing: Louers made Sonnets for their Lasses, whilest they made Garlands for their Louers: And as the Country was frolicke, so was the Citie merry: Olive Trées (which grow no where but in the Garden of peace) stood (as common as Beech does at Midsomer,) at euery mans doore, braunches of Palme were in euery mans hande: Strétes were full of people, people full of ioy: euery house séemde to haue a Lorde of misrule in it, in euery house there was so much iollity: no Scritch-Owle frighted the silly Countryman at midnight, nor any Drum the Citizen at none-day; but all was more calme than a still water, all husht, as if the Spheres had bene playing in Consort: In conclusion, heauen lokt like a Pallace, and the great hall of the earth, like a Paradice. But O the short-liu'de Felicitie of man! O world of what slight and thin stuffe is thy happinesse! Just in the midst of this iocund Holliday, a storme rises in the West: Westward (from the toppe of a Ritch-mount) descended a hidious tempest, that shoke Cedars, terrified the tallest Pines, and cleft in sunder euen the hardest hearts of Oake: And if such great trées were shaken, what thinke you became of the tender Eglantine, and humble Hawthorne? they could not (doubtlesse) but drope, they could not chose but die with the terror. The Element (taking the Destinies part, who indéed set abroach this mischiefe) scowled on the earth, and filling her hie forehead full of blacke wrinckles, tumbling long vp and downe, (like a great bellyed wife) her sighes being whirlewindes, and her grones thunder, at length she fell in labour, and was deliuered of a pale, meagre, weake childe, named Sickneſſe, whom Death (with a pestilence) would néedes take vpon him to nurse, and did so. This starueling being come to his full growth, had an office giuen him for nothing (and thats a wonder in this age) Death made him his Herauld: attirde him like a Courtier, and (in his name) chargde him to goe into the Priuie Chamber of the English Quéene, to sommon her to appeare in the Star-chamber of heauen.

The Queenes sicknes.

The sommons made her start, but (hauing an inuincible

spirit)

ſpirit) did not amaze her: yet whom would not the certaine newes of parting from a Kingdome amaze! But ſhe knewe where to finde a richer, and therefore lightlie regarded the loſſe of this, and thereupon made readie for that heauenlie Coronation, being (which was moſt ſtrange) moſt dutifull to obay, that had ſo many yeares ſo powerfully commaunded. She obayed deaths meſſenger, and yéelded her body to the hands of death himſelfe. She dyed, reſigning her Scepter to poſteritie, and her Soule to immortalitie. Her death.

The report of her death (like a thunder-clap) was able to kill thouſands, it toke away hearts from millions: for hauing brought vp (euen vnder her wing) a nation that was almoſt begotten and borne vnder her; that neuer ſhouted any other Aue than for her name, neuer ſawe the face of any Prince but her ſelfe, neuer vnderſtoode what that ſtrange out-landiſh word Change ſignified, how was it poſſible, but that her ſickneſs ſhould throw abroad an vniuerſall feare, and her death an aſtoniſhment? She was the Courtiers treaſure, therefore he had cauſe to mourne: the Lawyers ſword of iuſtice, he might well faint: the Merchants patroneſſe, he had reaſon to looke pale: the Citizens mother, he might beſt lament: the Shepherds Goddeſſe, and ſhould not he weepe? Onely the Souldier, who had walkt a long time vpon wodden legs, and was not able to giue Armes, though he were a Gentleman, had briſſeld vp the quills of his ſtiffe Porcupine muſtachio, and ſwore by no beggers that now was the houre come for him to beſtirre his ſtumps: Vſurers and Brokers (that are the Dinels Ingles, and dwell in the long-lane of hell) quakt like aſpen leaues at his oathes: thoſe that before were the only cut-throates in London, now ſtoode in feare of no other death: but my Signior Soldado was deceaued, the Tragedie went not forward. The generall terror that her death bred.

Neuer did the Engliſh Nation behold ſo much black worne as there was at her Funerall: It was then but put on, to try if it were fit, for the great day of mourning was ſet downe (in the booke of heauen) to be held afterwards: that was but the dumb ſhew, the Tragicall Act hath bin playing euer ſince. Her Herſe (as it was borne) ſéemed to be an Iland ſwimming in water, for

round about it there rayned showers of teares, about her death-bed none: for her departure was so sudden and so strange, that men knew not how to weepe, because they had neuer bin taught to shed teares of that making. They that durst not speake their sorrowes, whisperd them: they that durst not whisper, sent them forth in sighes. Oh what an Earth quake is the alteration of a State! Looke from the Chamber of Presence, to the Farmers cottage, and you shall finde nothing but distraction: the whole kingdome seemes a wildernes, and the people in it are transformed to wild men. The Map of a Countrey so pittifullie distracted by the horror of a change, if you desire perfectlie to behold, cast your eyes then on this that followes, which being heretofore in priuate presented to the King, I thinke may very worthily shew it selfe before you: And because you shall see them attirde in the same fashion that they wore before his Maiesty, let these fewe lines (which stode then as Prologue to the rest) enter first into your eares.

NOt for applauses, shallow fooles aduenture,
I plunge my verse into a sea of censure,
But with a liuer drest in gall, to see
So many Rookes, catch-polls of poesy,
That feede vpon the fallings of hye wit,
And put on cast inuentions, most vnfit,
For such am I prest forth in shops and stalls,
Pasted in Powles, and on the Lawyers walls,
For euery Basilisk-eyde Criticks bait,
To kill my verse, or poison my conceit,
Or some smoakt gallant, who at wit repines,
To dry Tobacco with my holesome lines,
And in one paper sacrifice more braine,
Than all his ignorant scull could ere containe:
But merit dreads no martirdome, nor stroke,
My lines shall liue, when he shall be all smoke.

Thus farre the Prologue, who leauing the Stage cléere, the feares that are bred in the womb of this altring kingdome

do next ſtep vp, acting thus:

THe great impoſtume of the realme was drawne
Euen to a head: the multitudinous ſpawne
Was the corruption, which did make it ſwell
With hop'd ſedition (the burnt ſeed of hell.)
Who did expect but ruine, bloud, and death,
To ſhare our kingdome, and deuide our breath?
Religions without religion,
To let each other bloud, confuſion
To be next Queene of *England*, and this yeere
The ciuill warres of *France* to be plaid heere
By Engliſhmen, ruffians, and pandaring ſlaues,
That faine would dig vp gowty vſurers graues,
At ſuch a time, villaines their hopes do honey,
And rich men looke as pale as their white money.
Now they remoue, and make their ſiluer ſweate,
Caſting themſelues into a couetous heate,
And then (vnſeene) in the confederate darke,
Bury their gold without or Prieſt or Clarke,
And ſay no prayers ouer that dead pelfe,
True: gold's no Chriſtian, but an Indian elfe.
Did not the very kingdome ſeeme to ſhake,
Her pretious maſsie limbs? did ſhe not make
All engliſh cities (like her pulſes) beate
With people in their veines? the feare ſo great,
That had it not bin phiſickt with rare peace,
Our populous bower had leſſend her increaſe.
The ſpring-time that was dry, had ſprong in bloud,
A greater dearth of men, than e're of foode:
In ſuch a panting time, and gaſping yeere,
Victuals are cheapeſt, only men are deere.
Now each wiſe-acred Landlord did deſpaire,
Fearing ſome villaine ſhould become his heire,
Or that his ſonne and heire before his time,
Should now turne villaine, and with violence clime
Vp to his life, ſaying, father you haue ſeene

King *Henry*, *Edward*, *Mary*, and the Queene,
I wonder you'le liue longer! then he tells him
Hees loth to ſee him kild, therfore he kills him.
And each vaſt Landlord dyes lyke a poore ſlaue,
Their thouſand acres make them but a graue,
At ſuch a time, great men conuey theyr treaſure
Into the truſty City: wayt the leiſure
Of bloud and inſurrection, which warre clips,
When euery gate ſhutts vp her Iron lips;
Imagine now a mighty man of duſt,
Stands in a doubt, what ſeruant he may truſt,
With plate worth thouſands: Iewels worth farre more,
If he proue falſe, then his rich Lord proues poore
He calls forth one by one, to note theyr graces,
Whilſt they make legs, he copies out theyr faces,
Examines theyr eye-browe, conſters theyr beard
Singles theyr Noſe out, ſtill he reſts afeard,
The firſt that comes, by no meanes heele allow,
Has ſpyed three Hares ſtarting betweene his brow,
Quite turnes the word, names it Celeritie,
For Hares do run away, and ſo may hee,
A ſecond ſhewne: him he will ſcarce behold,
His beard's too red, the colour of his gold,
A third may pleaſe him, but tis hard to ſay,
A rich man's pleaſde, whē his goods part away.
And now do cherrup by, fine golden neſts
Of well hatcht bowles: ſuch as do breed in feaſts,
For warre and death cupboords of plate downe pulls,
Then *Bacchus* drinkes not in gilt-bowles, but ſculls.
Let me deſcend and ſtoope my verſe a while,
To make the Comicke cheeke of Poeſie ſmile;
Ranck peny-fathers ſcud (with their halfe hammes,
Shadowing theyr calues) to ſaue theyr ſiluer dammes,
At euery gun they ſtart, tilt from the ground,
One drum can make a thouſand Vſurers ſownd.
In vnſought Allies and vnholeſome places,
Back-wayes and by-lanes, where appeare fewe faces,

In ſhamble-ſmelling roomes, loathſome proſpects,
And penny-lattice-windowes, which reiects
All popularitie: there the rich Cubs lurke,
When in great houſes ruffians are at worke,
Not dreaming that ſuch glorious booties lye
Vnder thoſe naſty roofes: ſuch they paſſe by
Without a ſearch, crying there's nought for vs,
And wealthy men deceiue poore villaines thus.
Tongue-trauelling Lawyers faint at ſuch a day,
Lye ſpeechleſſe, for they haue no words to ſay,
Phiſitions turne to patients, theyr Arts dry,
For then our fat men without phiſick dye.
And to conclude, againſt all Art and good,
Warre taints the Doctor, lets the Surgion blood.

Such was the faſhion of this Land, when the great Land-Lady thereof left it: Shée came in with the fall of the leafe, and went away in the Spring: her life (which was dedicated to Virginitie, both beginning & cloſing vp a miraculous Mayden circle: for ſhe was borne vpon a Lady Eue, and died vpon a Lady Eue: her Natiuitie & death being memorable by this wonder: the firſt and laſt yeares of her Raigne by this, that a Lee was Lorde Maior when ſhe came to the Crowne, and a Lee Lorde Maior when ſhe departed from it. Thrée places are made famous by her for thrée things, Greenwich for her birth, Richmount for her death, White-Hall for her Funerall: vpon her remouing from whence, (to lend our tiring proſe a breathing time) ſtay, and looke vpon theſe Epigrams, being compoſed.

1. Vpon the Queenes laſt Remoue *being dead.*

THe Queene's remou'de in ſolemne ſort,
Yet this was ſtrange, and ſeldome ſeene,
The Queene vſde to remoue the Court,
But now the Court remou'de the Queene.

2. *Vpon*

2. *Vpon her bringing by water to White Hall.*

THe Queene was brought by water to White Hall,
At euery ſtroake the owers teares let fall.
More clung about the Barge: Fiſh vnder water
Wept out their eyes of pearle, and ſwom blind after.
I thinke the Barge-men might with eaſier thyes
Haue rowde her thither in her peoples eyes.
For howſoe're, thus much my thoughts haue skand,
S'had come by water, had ſhe come by land.

3. Vpon her lying dead at *White Hall.*

THe Queene lies now at White Hall dead,
And now at White Hall liuing,
To make this rough obiection euen,
Dead at White Hall in Weſtminſter,
But liuing at White-Hall in Heauen.

Thus you ſée that both in her life and her death ſhe was appointed to be the mirror of her time: And ſurely, if ſince the firſt ſtone that was layd for the foundation of this great houſe of the world, there was euer a yeare ordeined to be wondred at, it is only this: the Sibils, Octogeſimus, Octauus Annus, that ſame terrible 88. which came ſayling hither in the Spaniſh Armada, and made mens hearts colder then the frozen Zone, when they heard but an inckling of it: that 88. by whoſe horrible predictions, Almanack-makers ſtode in bodily feare, their trade would be vtterly ouerthrowne, and poore Erra Pater was threatned (becauſe he was a Iew) to be put to baſer offices, than the ſtopping of muſtard-pots, that ſame 88. which had more prophecies waiting at his héeles, than euer Merlin the Magitian had in his head, was a yeare of Iubile to this. Platoes *Mirabilis*

1603. A more wonderfull yeere than 88.

Annus,

Annus, (whither it be past already, or to come within these foure yeares) may throwe Platoes cap at *Mirabilis*, for that title of wonderfull is bestowed vpon 1603. If that sacred Aromatically-perfumed fire of wit (out of whose flames Phœnix poetie doth arise) were burning in any brest, I would fede it with no other stuffe for a twelvemoneth and a day than with kindling papers full of lines, that should tell only of the chances, changes, and strange shapes that this Proteian Climactericall yeare hath metamorphosed himselfe into. It is able to finde ten Chronicklers a competent lining, and to set twentie Printers at worke. You shall perceiue I lye not, if (with Peter Bales) you will take the paines to drawe the whole volume of it into the compasse of a pennie. As first, to begin with the Quænes death, then the kingdomes falling into an Ague vpon that. Next, followes the curing of that feauer by the wholesome receipt of a proclaymed King. That wonder begat more, for in an houre, two mightie Nations were made one: wilde Ireland became tame on the sudden, and some English great ones that before séemed tame, on the sudden turned wilde: The same Parke which great Julius Cæsar inclosd, to hold in that Déere whom they before hunted, being now circled (by a second Cæsar) with stronger pales to kéepe them from leaping ouer. And last of all (if that wonder be the last and shut vp the yeare) a most dreadfull plague. This is the Abstract, and yet (like Stowes Chronicle in Decimo sexto to huge Hollinshead) these small pricks in this Sea-card of ours, represent mightie Countreys; whilst I haue the quill in my hand, let me blow them bigger.

The Quéene being honored with a Diademe of Starres, *France*, *Spaine*, and *Belgia*, lift vp their heads, preparing to do almuch for *England* by giuing ayme, whilst she shot arrowes at her owne brest (as they imagined) as she had done (many a yeare together) for them: and her owne Nation betted on their sides, loking with distracted countenance for no better guests than Ciuill Sedition, Vprores, Rapes, Murders, and Massacres. But the whéele of Fate turned, a better Lottery was drawne, *Pro Troia stabat Apollo*, God stuck valiantlie to vs, For behold, vp riles a comfortable Sun out of the North, whose glorious

beames (like a fan) diſperſed all thick and contagious clowdes. The loſſe of a Quéene, was paid with the double intereſt of a King and Quéene. The Cedar of her gouerment which ſtode alone and bare no fruit, is changed now to an Oliue, vpon whoſe ſpreading branches grow both Kings and Quéenes. Oh it were able to fill a hundred paire of writing tables with notes, but to ſée the parts plaid in the compaſſe of one houre on the ſtage of this new-found world! Vpon Thurſeday it was treaſon to cry God ſaue king Iames king of *England*, and vpon Friday hye treaſon not to cry ſo. In the morning no voice heard but murmures and lamentation, at none nothing but ſhoutes of gladnes & triumph. S. George and S. Andrew that many hundred yeares had defied one another, were now ſworne brothers: *England* and *Scotland* (being parted only with a narrow Riuer, and the people of both Empires ſpeaking a language leſſe differing than engliſh within it ſelfe, as tho prouidence had enacted, that one day thoſe two Nations ſhould marry one another) are now made ſure together, and king Iames his Coronation, is the ſolemne wedding day. Happieſt of all thy Anceſtors (thou mirror of all Princes that euer were or are) that at ſeauen of the clock wert a king but ouer a péece of a little Iland, and before eleuen the greateſt Monarch in Chriſtendome. Now

King Iames proclaymed.

——— Siluer Crowds
Of bliſſfull Angels and tryed Martirs tread
On the Star-ſeeling ouer *Englands* head:
Now heauen broke into a wonder, and brought forth
Our *omne bonum* from the holeſome North
(Our fruitfull ſouereigne) *Iames*, at whoſe dread name
Rebellion ſwounded, and (ere ſince) became
Groueling and nerue-leſſe, wanting bloud to nouriſh,
For Ruine gnawes her ſelfe when kingdomes flouriſh.
Now are our hopes planted in regall ſprings,
Neuer to wither, for our aire breedes kings:
And in all ages (from this ſoueraigne time)
England ſhall ſtill be cald the royall clime.
Moſt bliſſfull Monarch of all earthen powers,
Seru'd with a meſſe of kingdomes, foure ſuch bowers

(For

(For proſprous hiues, and rare induſtrious ſwarmes)
The world conteines not in her ſolid armes.
O thou that art the Meeter of our dayes,
Poets Apollo! deale thy Daphnean bayes
To thoſe whoſe wits are bay-trees, euer greene,
Vpon whoſe hye tops, Poeſy chirps vnſeene:
Such are moſt fit, t'apparell Kings in rimes,
Whoſe ſiluer numbers are the Muſes chimes,
Whoſe ſpritely caracters (being once wrought on)
Out-liue the marble th'are inſculpt vpon:
Let ſuch men chant thy vertues, then they flye
On Learnings wings vp to Eternitie.
As for the reſt, that limp (in cold deſert)
Hauing ſmall wit, leſſe iudgement, and leaſt Art:
Their verſe! tis almoſt hereſie to heare,
Baniſh their lines ſome furlong, from thine eare:
For tis held dang'rous (by Apolloes ſigne)
To be infected with a leaprous line.
O make ſome Adamant Act (ne're to be worne)
That none may write but thoſe that are true-borne:
So when the worlds old cheekes ſhall race and peele,
Thy Acts ſhall breath in Epitaphs of Steele.

By theſe Comments it appeares that by this time king Iames is proclaimed: now dwes freſh bloud leap into the cheekes of the Courtier: the Souldier now hangs vp his armor and is glad that he ſhall feede vpon the bleſſed fruits of peace: the Scholler ſings Hymnes in honor of the Muſes, aſſuring himſelfe now that Helicon will be kept pure, becauſe Apollo himſelfe drinkes of it. Now the thriftie Citizen calls beyond the Mone, and ſeeing the golden age returned into the world againe, reſolues to worſhip no Saint but money. Trades that lay dead & rotten, and were in all mens opinion vtterly dambd, ſtarted out of their trance, as though they had drunke of *Aqua Celeſtis*, or Unicornes horne, and ſwore to fall to their olde occupation. Taylors meant no more to be called Merchant-taylors, but Merchants, for their ſhops were all lead forth in leaſes, to be turned into ſhips, and with their ſheares (in ſtead of a Rudder) would they

The ioyes that followed vpon his proclaymming.

haue cut the Seas (like Leuant Taffaty) and sayld to the West Indies for no worse stuffe to make hose and doublets of, than beaten gold: Or if the necessitie of the time (which was likely to stand altogether vpon brauery) should presse them to serue with their iron and Spanish weapons vpon their stalls, then was there a sharp law made amongst them, that no workeman should handle any needle but that which had a pearle in his eye, nor any copper thimble, vnlesse it were linde quite through, or bumbasted with siluer. What Mechanicall hardhanded Vulcanist (seeing the dice of Fortune run so sweetly, and resoluing to strike whilst the iron was hote) but perswaded himselfe to be Maister or head Warden of his Company ere halfe a yeare went about? The worst players boy strode vpon his good parts, swearing tragicall and buskind oaths, that how villainously soeuer he ranged, or what bad and vnlawfull action soeuer he entred into, he would in despite of his honest audience, be halfe a sharer (at least) at home, or else strowle (thats to say trauell) with some notorious wicked floundring companie abroade. And good reason had these time-catchers to be led into this fooles paradice, for they sawe mirth in euery mans face, the streetes were plum'd with gallants, Tobacconists fild vp whole Tauernes: Vintners hung out spick and span new Iuy-bushes (because they wanted good wine) and their old raine-beaten lattices marcht vnder other cullors, hauing lost both company and cullors before. London was neuer in the high way to preferment till now; now she resolued to stand vpon her pantoffles: now (and neuer till now) did she laugh to scorne that worme-eaten prouerb of Lincolne was, London is, and Yorke shall be, for she saw her selfe in better state then Ierusalem, she went more gallant then euer did Antwerp, was more courted by amorous and lustie suiters then Venice (the minion of Italy) more loftie towers stood (like a Coronet, or a spangled head-tire) about her Temples, then euer did about the beawtifull forehead of Rome: Tyrus and Sydon to her were like two thatcht houses, to Theobals: the grand Cayr but a hogsty. *Hinc illæ lachrimæ*, She wept her belly full for all this. Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and mowsing fat venison, the mad Grecians made bonefires of their houses: Old Priam was drinking a health to

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the wodden horſe, and before it could be pledgd had his throat cut. Corne is no ſoner ripe, but for all the pricking vp of his eares he is pard off by the ſhins, and made to go vpon ſtumps. Flowers no ſoner budded, but they are pluckt and dye. Night walks at the heeles of the day, and ſorrow enters (like a taverne-bill) at the taile of our pleaſures: for in the Appenine heigth of this immoderate ioy and ſecuritie (that like Powles Steeple ouer-lookt the whole Citie) Behold, that miracle-worker, who in one minute turnd our generall mourning to a generall mirth, does now againe in a moment alter that gladnes to ſhrikes & lamentation.

Here would I faine make a full point, becauſe poſteritie ſhould not be frighted with thoſe miſerable tragedies, which now my muſe (as Chorus) ſtands readie to preſent. Time would thou hadſt neuer bin made wretched by bringing them forth, Oblivion would in all the graues and ſepulchers, whoſe rancke iawes thou haſt already cloſd vp, or ſhalt yet hereafter burſt open, thou couldſt likewiſe bury them for euer. The Plague.

A ſtiffe and freezing horror ſucks vp the riuers of my blood: my haire ſtands an end with the panting of my braines: mine eye-balls are readie to ſtart out, being beaten with the billowes of my teares: out of my weeping pen does the inck mournefullie and more bitterly than gall drop on the pale-fac'd paper, euen when I do but thinke how the bowels of my ſicke country haue bin torne. Apollo therefore and you bewitching ſiluer-tongd Muſes get you gone, Inuocate none of your names: Sorrow and Truth, ſit you on each ſide of me, whilſt I am deliuered of this deadly burden: prompt me that I may vtter ruthfull and paſſionate condolement: arme my trembling hand, that it may boldly rip vp and Anatomize the vlcerous body of this Anthropophagized plague: lend me Art (without any counterfet ſhadowing) to paint and delineate to the life the whole ſtory of this mortall and peſtiferous battaile, & you the ghoſts of thoſe more (by many) then 40000. that with the virulent poiſon of infection haue bin driuen out of your earthlie dwellings: you deſolate hand-wringing widdowes, that beate your boſomes ouer your departing huſbands: you wofully diſtracted mothers that with diſheueld haire laine into ſwounds, whilſt you lye kiſſing the inſenſible cold Anthropophagi are Scithians that feede on mens fleſh.

lips of your breathlesse Infants: you out-cast and downe-trodden Orphanes, that shall many a yeare hence remember more freshly to mourne, when your mourning garments shall looke olde and be forgotten; And you the Genij of all those emptyed families, whose habitations are now among the Antipodes: Joyne all your hands together, and with your bodies cast a ring about me: let me behold your ghastly vizages, that my paper may receiue their true pictures: Eccho forth your grones through the hollow truncke of my pen, and raine downe your gummy teares into mine Incke, that euen marble bosomes may be shaken with terrour, and hearts of Adamant melt into compassion.

What an vnmatchable torment were it for a man to be bard vp euery night in a vast silent Charnell-house: hung (to make it more hideous) with lamps dimly & slowly burning, in hollow and glimmering corners: where all the pauement should in stead of greene rushes, be strewde with blasted Rosemary, withered Hyacinthes, fatall Cipresse and Ewe, thickly mingled with heapes of dead mens bones: the bare ribbes of a father that begat him, lying there: here the Chaples hollow scull of a mother that bore him: round about him a thousand Coarses, some standing bolt vpright in their knotted winding sheetes: others halfe moulded in rotten Coffins, that should suddenly yawne wide open, filling his nosthrils with noysome stench, and his eyes with the sight of nothing but crawling wormes. And to keepe such a poore wretch waking, he should hear no noise but of Toads croaking, Screech-Owles howling, Mandrakes shrieking: were not this an infernall prison? would not the strongest-harted man (beset with such a ghastly horror) loke wilde? and runne madde? and die? And euen such a formidable shape did the diseased Citie appeare in: For he that durst (in the dead houre of gloomy midnight) haue bene so valiant, as to haue walkte through the stil and melancholy streets, what thinke you should haue bene his musicke? Surely the loude grones of rauing sicke men: the strugling panges of soules departing: In euery house griefe striking vp an Allarum: Seruants crying out for maisters: wiues for husbands, parents for children, children for their mothers: here he should haue met some frantickly running to knock vp Sextons; there, others fearfully

fully ſweating with Coffins, to ſteale forth dead bodies, leaſt the fatall hand-writing of death ſhould ſeale vp their dores. And to make this diſmall conſort more full, round about him Bells heauily tolling in one place, and ringing out in another: The dreadfulneſſe of ſuch an houre, is in-vtterable: let vs goe further.

If ſome poore man, ſuddeinly ſtarting out of a ſweet and golden ſlumber, ſhould behold his houſe flaming about his eares, all his family deſtroied in their ſléepes by the mercileſſe fire; himſelfe in the verie midſt of it, wofully and like a madde man calling for helpe: would not the miſery of ſuch a diſtreſſed ſoule, appeare the greater, if the rich Vſurer dwelling next dore to him, ſhould not ſtirre, (though he felt part of the danger) but ſuffer him to periſh, when the thruſting out of an arme might haue ſaued him! O how many thouſandes of wretched people haue acted this poore mans part? how often hath the amazed huſband waking, found the comfort of his bedde lying breathleſſe by his ſide! his children at the ſame inſtant galping for life! and his ſeruaunts mortally wounded at the hart by ſicknes! the diſtracted creature, beats at deaths dores, exclaimes at windowes, his cries are ſharp inough to pierce heauen, but on earth no eare is opend to receiue them.

And in this maner do the tedious minutes of the night ſtretch out the ſorrowes of ten thouſand: It is now day, let vs looke forth and try what Conſolation riſes with the Sun: not any, not any: for before the Jewell of the morning be fully ſet in ſiluer, a hundred hungry graues ſtand gaping, and euery one of them (as at a breakfaſt) hath ſwallowed downe ten or eleuen liueles carcaſes: before dinner, in the ſame gulfe are twice ſo many more deuoured: and before the ſun takes his reſt, thoſe numbers are doubled: Therefore that not many houres before had euery one ſeuerall lodgings very delicately furniſht, are now thruſt altogether into one cloſe roome: a litle litle noiſom roome: not fully ten foote ſquare. Doth not this ſtrike coldly to ỹ hart of a worldly mizer? To ſome, the very ſound of deaths name, is in ſtead of a paſſing-bell: what ſhall become of ſuch a coward, being told that the ſelfe-ſame bodie of his, which now is ſo pampered with ſuperfluous fare, ſo perfumed and bathed in odoriferous waters, and ſo gaily apparelled in varietie of faſhiõs, muſt one day be throwne (like ſtinking carion) into a rank & rotten graue; where his goodly eies, ỹ did once ſhote

forth

swith such amorous glances, must be eaten out of his head: his lockes that hang wantonly dangling, troden in durt under foote: this doubtlesse (like thunder) must needs strike him into the earth. But (wretched man!) when thou shalt see, and be assured (by tokens sent thee from heauen) that to morrow thou must be tumbled into a Mucke-pit, and suffer thy body to be buildo and presst with threescore dead men, lying slouenly vpon thee, and thou to be vndermost of all! yea and perhaps halfe of that number were thine enemies! (and see howe they may be reuenged, for the wormes that breed out of their putrifying carcasses, shall crawle in huge swarmes from them, and quite deuoure thee) what agonies will this straunge newes driue thee into? If thou art in loue with thy selfe, this cannot chuse but possesse thee with frenzie. But thou art gotten safe (out of the ciuill citie Calamitie) to thy Parkes and Pallaces in the Country: lading thy Asses and thy Mules with thy gold, (thy god), thy plate, and thy Iewels: and the fruites of thy wombe thriftily growing vp but in one onely sonne, (the young Landlord of all thy carefull labours) him also hast thou rescued from the arrowes of infection; Now is thy soule iocund, and thy senses merry. But open thine eyes thou Foole! and behold that darling of thine eye, (thy sonne) turnde suddenly into a lumpe of clay; the hand of pestilence hath smote him euen vnder thy wing: Now doest thou rent thine haire, blaspheme thy Creator, curlest thy creation, and basely descendest into brutish & vnmanly passions, threatning in despite of death & his Plague, to maintaine the memory of thy childe, in the euerlasting brest of Marble: a tombe must now defend him from tempests: And for that purpose, the swetty hinde (that digs the rent he paies thee out of the entrailes of the earth) he is sent for, to conuey swith that burden of thy sorrow: But note how thy pride is disdained: that weather-beaten sun-burnt drudge, that not a month since fawnde vpon thy worship like a Spaniell, and like a bond-slaue, would haue stoopt lower than thy feete, does now stoppe his nose at thy presence, and is readie to set his Mastiue as hye as thy throate, to driue thee from his doore: all thy golde and siluer cannot hire one of those (whom before thou didst scorne) to carry the dead body to his last home; the Countrey round about thee, shun thee as a Ba-

ſilike, and therefore to London(from whoſe armes thou cowardly fledſt away) poaſt vpon poaſt muſt be galloping, to fetch from thence thoſe that may performe that Funerall office: But there are they ſo full of graue-matters of their owne, that they haue no leiſure to attend thine: doth not this cut thy very heart-ſtrings in ſunder? If that do not, the ſhutting vp of this Tragicall Act, I am ſure will: for thou muſt be inforced with thine owne handes, to winde vp (that blaſted flower of youth) in the laſt linnen, that euer he ſhall weare: vpon thine owne ſhoulders, muſt thou beare part of him, thy amazed ſeruant the other: with thine own hands muſt thou dig his graue, (not in the Church, or common place of buriall, (thou haſt not fauour (for all thy riches) to be ſo happie,) but in thine Orchard, or in the proude walkes of thy Garden, wringing thy palſie-ſhaken hands in ſtead of belles, (moſt miſerable father) muſt thou ſearch him out a ſepulcher.

My ſpirit growes faint with rowing in this Stygian Ferry, it can no longer endure the tranſportation of ſoules in this dolefull manner: let vs therefore ſhift a point of our Compaſſe, and (ſince there is no remedie, but that we muſt ſtill be toſt vp and downe in this *Mare mortuum*,) hoiſt vp all our ſailes, and on the merry winges of a luſtier winde ſeeke to arriue on ſome proſperous ſhoare.

Imagine then that all this while, Death (like a Spaniſh Leagar, or rather like ſtalking Tamberlaine) hath pitcht his tents, (being nothing but a heape of winding ſheetes tackt together) in the ſinfully-polluted Suburbes: the Plague is Muſter-maiſter and Marſhall of the field: Burning Feauers, Boyles, Blaines, and Carbuncles, the Leaders, Lieutenants, Seriеants, and Corporalls: the maine Army conſiſting (like *Dunkirke*) of a mingle-mangle, viz. dumpiſh Mourners, merry Sextons, hungry Coffin-ſellers, ſcrubbing Bearers, and ruſtie Graue-makers: but indeed they are the Pioners of the Campe, that are imployed onely (like Moles) in caſting vp of earth and digging of trenches; Feare and Trembling (the two Catch-polles of Death) arreſt euery one: No parley will be graunted, no compoſition ſtood vpon, But the Allarum is ſtrucke vp, the Toxin ringes out for life, and no voice heard but Tue, Tue, Kill, Kill; the little

Belles onely (like small shot) do yet goe off, and make no great worke for wormes, a hundred or two lost in every skirmish, or so: but alas thats nothing: yet by these desperat sallies, what by open setting vpon them by day, and secret Ambuscadoes by night, the skirts of London were pittifully pared off, by litle and litle: which they within the gates perceiuing, it was no bost to bid them take their heeles, for away they trudge thicke & thrækfolde, some riding, some on foote, some without bootes, some in their slippers, by water, by land, In shoales swom they west-ward, mary to Graues-end none went vnlesse they were driuen, for whosoeuer landed there neuer came back again: Hacknies, watermen & Wagons, were not so terribly imployed many a yeare; so y within a short time, there was not a good horse in Smithfield, nor a Coach to be set eye on. For after the world had once run vpon the whéeles of the Pest-cart, neither coach nor caroach durst appeare in his likenesse.

Let vs pursue these runnawaies no longer, but leaue them in the vnmercifull hands of the Country-hard-harted Hobbinolls, (who are ordaind to be their Tormentors,) and returne backe to the siege of the Citie; for the enemy taking aduantage by their flight, planted his ordinance against the walls; here the Canons (like their great Bells) roard: the Plague tooke sore paines for a breach, he laid about him cruelly, ere he could get it, but at length he and his tiranous band entred: his purple colours were presently (with the sound of Bow-bell in stead of a trompet) aduanced, and ioynd to the Standard of the Citie; he marcht euen thorow Cheapside, and the capitall strets of Troynouant: the only blot of dishonor that stuck vpon this Inuader, being this, that he plaide the tyrant, not the conqueror, making hauock of all, when he had all lying at the foote of his mercy. Men, women & children dropt downe before him: houses were rifled, strétes ransackt, beautifull maydens throwne on their beddes, and rauisht by sicknes, rich-mens Cofers broken open, and shared amongst prodigall heires and vntyrifftie seruants, poore men vide poorely, but not pittifully: he did very much hurt, yet some say he did verie much good. Howsoeuer he behaued himselfe, this intelligence runs currant, that euery house lokte like S. Bartholmewes Hospitall,

and

and euery ſtréete like Bucklerſbury, for poore Mithridatum and Dragon-water (being both of them in all the world, ſcarce worth three-pence) were bort in euery corner, and yet were both drunke euery houre at other mens coſt. Lazarus laie groning at euery mans doore, mary no Diues was within to ſend him a crum, (for all your Gold-finches were fled to the woods) nor a dogge left to licke vp his ſores, for they (like Curres) were knockt downe, like Oxen, and fell thicker then Acornes.

I am amazed to remember what dead Marches were made of three thouſand troping together; husbands, wiues & children, being lead as ordinarily to one graue, as if they had gone to one bed. And thoſe that could ſhift for a time, and ſhrink their heads out of the collar (as many did) yet went they (moſt bitterly) miching and muffled vp & downe with Rue and Wormewood ſtuft into their eares and noſthrils, loking like ſo many Boxes heads ſtuck with branches of Roſemary, to be ſerued in for Brawne at Chriſtmas.

This was a rare worlde for the Church, who had wont to complaine for want of liuing, and now had more liuing thruſt vpon her, than ſhe knew how to beſtow: to haue bene Clarke now to a pariſh Clarke, was better than to ſerue ſome fooliſh Juſtice of Peace, or than the yeare before to haue had a Benefice. Sextons gaue out, if they might (as they hoped) continue theſe doings but a twelue-moneth longer, they and their poſteritie would all ryde vpon fotecloathes to the ende of the worlde. Amongſt which worme-eaten generation, the three bald Sextons of limping Saint Gyles, Saint Sepulchres, and Saint Olaues, rulde the roaſte more hotly, than euer did the Triumuiri of Rome. Iehochanan, Symeon, and Eleazar, neuer kept ſuch a plaguy coyle in Ieruſalem among the hunger-ſtarued Iewes, as theſe three Sharkers did in their Pariſhes among naked Chriſtians. Curſed they were I am ſure by ſome to the pitte of hell, for tearing money out of their throates, that had not a croſſe in their purſes. But alas! they muſt haue it, it is their fée, and therefore giue the diuel his due: Onely Yearbe-wiues and Gardeners (that neuer prayed before, vnleſſe it were for raine or faire weather) were now day and nighte vppon their maribones, that God would bleſſe the labors of theſe mole-

catchers, because they sucke sweetnesse by this; for the price of flowers, hearbes and garlands, rose wonderfully, in so much that Rosemary which had wont to be solde for 12. pence an armefull, went now for fiue shillings a handfull.

A fourth sharer likewise (of these winding-sheete weauers) deserues to haue my penne giue his lippes a Iewes Letter, but because he worships the Bakers god Lord & Maister, charitable S. Clement (whereas none of the other three euer had to do with any Saint) he shall scape the better: only let him take heede, that hauing all this yeare buried his praiers in the bellies of Fat-ones, and plump Capon-eaters, (for no worse meate would downe this Sly-fores stomach) let him I say take heede, least (his flesh now falling away) his carcas be not plagude with leane ones, of whō (whilst the bill of Lord haue mercy vpon vs, was to be denied in no place) it was death for him to heare.

In this pittifull (or rather pittilesse) perplexitie stood London, forsaken like a Louer, forlorne like a widow, and disarmde of all comfort: disarmde I may wel say, for fiue Rapiers were not stirring all this time, and those that were worne had neuer bin seene, if any money could haue bene lent vpon them, so hungry is this Ettridge disease, that it will deuoure euen Iron: let vs therefore with bag & baggage march away from this dangerous sore Citie, and visit those that are fled into the Country. But alas! Decidis in Scyllam, you are peppered if you visit them, for they are visited alreadie: the broad Arrow of Death, flies there vp & downe, as swiftly as it doth here: they that rode on the lustiest geldings could not out-gallop the Plague, It ouer-toke them, and ouerturnd them two, horse and foote.

You whom the arrowes of pestilence haue reacht at eighteen and twenty score (tho you stood far enough as you thought frō the marke) you that sickning in the hie way, would haue bene glad of a bed in an Hospitall, and dying in the open fieldes, haue bene buried like dogs, how much better had it bin for you, to haue lyen fuller of byles & plague-sores than euer did Iob, so you might in that extremity haue receiued both bodily & spiritual comfort, which there was denied you? For those misbeleeuing Pagans, the plough-driuers, those worse then Infidels, that (like their Swine

neuer

neuer looke vp so high as heauen: when Citizens bo;ded them they wr;ung their hands, and wisht rather they had falne into the hands of Spaniards: fo; the sight of a flat-cap was mo;e dreadfull to a Lob, than the discharging of a Caliuer: a treble ruffe (being but once namd the Merchants set) had power to cast a whole houshold into a cold sweate. If one new suite of Sackcloth had bin but knowne to haue come out of Burchin-lane (being the common Wardrope fo; all their Clownships) it had bin enough to make a Market towne giue vp the ghost. A Crow that had bin seene in a sunne-shine day, standing on the top of Powles would haue bin better than a Beacon on fire, to haue raizd all the townes within ten miles of London, fo; the kæping her out.

Neuer let any man aske me what became of our Phisitions in this Massacre, they hid their Synodicall heads aswell as the prowdest: and I cannot blame them, fo; their Phlebotomies, Losinges, and Electuaries, with their Diacatholicons, Diacodions, Amulets, and Antidotes, had not so much strength to hold life and soule together, as a pot of Pinders Ale and a Nutmeg: their drugs turned to durt, their simples were simple things: Galen could do no mo;e good, than Sir Giles Gosecap: Hipocrates, Auicen, Paracelsus, Rasis, Fernelius, with all their succeeding rabble of Doctors and Water-casters, were at their wits end, o; I thinke rather at the wo;lds end, fo; not one of them durst pæpe abroad: o; if any one did take vpon him to play the ventrous Knight, the Plague put him to his Nonplus; in such strange, and such changeable shapes did this Camelcon-like sicknes appeare, that they could not (with all the cunning in their budgets) make pursenets to take him napping.

Only a band of Desper-deiues, some fewe Empirica'l madcaps (fo; they could neuer be wo;th veluet caps) turned themselues into Bees (o; mo;e p;operlie into Drones) and went humming vp and downe, with hony-brags in their mouthes, sucking the swætenes of Siluer, (and now and then of *Aurum Potabile*) out of the poison of Blaines and Carbuncles: and these lolly Mountibanks clapt vp their bils vpon euery post (like a Fencers Challenge) threatning to canuas the Plague, and to

fight with him at all his owne seuerall weapons: I know not how they sped, but some they sped I am sure, for I haue heard them band for the heauens, because they sent those thither, that were wilht to tary longer vpon earth.

I could in this place make your cheekes loke pale, and your hearts shake, with telling how some haue had 18. fores at one time running vpon them, others 10. and 12. many 4. and 5. and how those that haue bin foure times wounded by this yeares infection, haue dyed of the last wound, whilst others (that were hurt as often) goe vp and downe now with sounder limmes, then many that come out of France, and the Netherlands. And descending from these, I could draw forth a Catalogue of many poore wretches, that in fields, in ditches, in common Cages, and vnder stalls (being either thrust by cruell maisters out of dores, or wanting all worldly succor but the common benefit of earth and aire) haue most miserablie perished. But to Chronicle these would weary a second Fabian.

We will therefore play the Souldiers, who at the end of any notable battails, with a kind of sad delight rehearse the memorable acts of their friends that lye mangled before them: some shewing how brauely they gaue the onset: some, how politickly they retirde: others, how manfullie they gaue and receiued wounds: a fourth steps vp and glories how valiantlie he lost an arme: all of them making (by this meanes) the remembrance euen of tragicall and mischieuous euents very delectable. Let vs striue to do so, discoursing (as it were at the end of this mortall siege of the Plague) of the seuerall most worthie accidents, and strange birthes which this pestiferous yeare hath brought forth: some of them yelding Comicall and ridiculous stuffe, others lamentable: a third kind vpholding rather admiration, then laughter or pittie.

As first, to rellish the pallat of lickerish expectation, and withall to giue an Item how sudden a stabber this ruffianly swaggerer (Death) is, You must beleiue, that amongst all the weary number of those that (on their bare-feete) haue trauaild (in this long and heauie vacation) to the Holy-land, one (whose name I could for nede bestow vpon you) but that I know you haue no

néed of it, tho many want a good name) lying in that cõmon Inne of ſickmen, his bed, & ſeeing the black & blew ſtripes of the plague ſticking on his fleſh, which he receiued as tokens (from heauen) that he was preſentlie to go dwell in the vpper world, moſt earneſtlie requeſted, and in a manner coniured his friend (who came to enterchange a laſt farewell) that he would ſee him goe handſomely attirde into the wild Iriſh countrey of wormes, and for that purpoſe to beſtow a Coffin vpon him: his friend louing him (not becauſe he was poore (yet he was poore) but becauſe he was a ſcholler: Alack that the Weſt Indies ſtand ſo farre from Vniuerſities! and that a minde richly apparelled ſhould haue a thred-bare body!) made faithfull promiſe to him, that he ſhould be nailde vp, he would bord him, and for that purpoſe went inſtantlie to one of the new-found trade of Coffin-cutters, beſpake one, and (like the Surueyor of deaths buildings) gaue direction how this little Tenement ſhould be framed, paying all the rent for it before hand. But note vpon what ſlippery ground life goes! little did he thinke to dwell in that roome himſelfe which he had taken for his friend: yet it ſeemed the common lawe of mortalitie had ſo decreede, for he was cald into the colde companie of his graue neighbors an houre before his infected friend, and had a long leaſe (euen till domes day) in the ſame lodging, which in the ſtrength of health he went to prepare for the other. What credit therefore is to be giuen to breath, which like a harlot will runne away with euery minute. How nimble is Sickneſs, and what ſkill hath he in all the weapons he playes withall? The greateſt cutter that takes vp the Mediterranean Ile in Powles for his Gallery to walke in, cannot ward off his blowes. Hee's the beſt Fencer in the world: Vincentio Sauiolo is no body to him: He has his Mandritaes, Imbrocataes, Stramazones, and Stoccataes at's fingers ends: hee'le make you giue him ground, tho you were neuer worth foote of land, and beat you out of breath, though Aeolus himſelfe plaid vpõ your wind-pipe.

To witnes which, I will call forth a Dutchman (yet now hee's paſt calling for, h'as loſt his hearing, for his eares by this time are eaten off with wormes) who (though hee dwelt in Bedlem) was not mad, yet the very lokes of the Plague (which

indeed

indéede are terrible) put him almoſt out of his wits, for when the ſnares of this cunning hunter (the Peſtilence) were but newly layd, and yet layd (as my Dutchman ſmelt it out well enough) to intrap poore mens liues that meant him no hurt, away ſneakes my clipper of the kings engliſh, and (becauſe Muſket-ſhot ſhould not reach him) to the Low-countries (that are built vpon butter-firkins, and holland cheeſe) ſayles this plaguie fugitiue, but death, (who hath more authoritie there than all the ſeauen Electors, and to ſhew him that there were other Low-countries beſides his owne) takes a little Frokin (one of my Dutch runnawayes children) and ſends her packing, into thoſe Netherlands ſhe departed: O how pitifullie lookt my Burgomaiſter, when he vnderſtood that the ſickneſs could ſwim! It was an eaſie matter to eſcape the Dunkirks, but Deaths Gallyes made out after him ſwifter than the great Turks. Which he perceiuing, made no more adoe, but drunke to the States fiue or ſixe healths (becauſe he would be ſure to liue well) and back againe comes he, to try the ſtrength of Engliſh Beere: his old Randeuous of mad-men was the place of meeting, where he was no ſooner arriued, but the Plague had him by the back, and arreſted him vpon an *Exeat Regnum*, for running to the enemie, ſo that for the mad tricks he plaid to coſen our engliſh wormes of his Dutch carcas (which had bin fatted heere) ſickneſs and death clapt him vp in Bedlem the ſecond time, and there he lyes, and there he ſhall lye till he rot before ile meddle any more with him.

But being gotten out of Bedlem, let vs make a iourney to Briſtow, taking an honeſt knowne Citizen along with vs, who with other companie trauailing thither (only for feare the aire of London ſhould conſpire to poiſon him) and ſetting vp his reſt not to heare the ſound of Bow-bell till next Chriſtmas, was notwithſtanding in the hye way ſingled out from his companie, and ſet vpon by the Plague, who bid him ſtand, and deliuer his life. The reſt at that word ſhifted for themſelues, and went on, he (amazed to ſée his friends flye, and being not able to defend himſelfe, for who can defend himſelfe meeting ſuch an enemy?) yeelded, and being but about fortie miles from London, vſed all the ſlights he could to get looſe out of the hands of death, and ſo to

hide

hide himselfe in his owne house, whereupon, he cald for help at the same Inne, where not long before he and his fellow-pilgrimes obteined for their money (mary yet with more prayers then a begger makes in three Tearmes) to stand and drinke some thirtie foote from the doore. To this house of tipling Iniquitie he repaires againe, coniuring the Lares or walking Spirites in it, if they were Christians (that if was well put in) and in the name of God, to succor and rescue him to their power out of the hands of infection, which now assaulted his body: the Diuell would haue bin afraid of this coniuration, but they were not, yet afraid they were it seemde, for presentlie the doores had their wodden ribs crusht in pieces, by being beaten together: the casements were shut more close then an Vsurers greasie veluet pouch: the drawing windowes were hangd drawne and quartered: not a crenis but was stopt, not a mouse-hole left open, for all the holes in the house were most wickedlie dambd vp: mine Host and Hostesse ran ouer one another into the back-side, the maydes into the Orchard, quiuering and quaking, and readie to hang themselues on the innocent Plomtrées, (for hanging to them would not be so sore a death as the Plague, & to dye maydes too! Oh horible!) As for the Tapster, he fled into the Celler, rapping out fiue or sixe plaine Countrey oathes that he would drowne himselfe in a most villanous Stand of Ale, if the sick Londoner stode at the doore any longer. But stand there he must, for to goe away (well) he cannot, but continues knocking and calling in a faint voice, which in their eares sounded as if some staring ghost in a Tragedy had exclaimd vpon Rhadamanth: he might knock till his hands akt, and call till his heart akt, for they were in a worse pickle within, than he was without: he being in a good way to go to heauen, they being so frighted, that they scarce knew whereabout heauen stode, onely they all cryed out, Lord haue mercy vpon vs, yet Lord haue mercy vpon vs was the onely thing they feared. The dolefull Catastrophe of all is, a bed could not be had for all *Babylon*: not a cup of drinke, no, nor cold water be gotten, though it had bin for Alexander the great: if a draught of *Aqua vitæ* might haue sau'd his soule, the towne denyed to do God that good seruice.

What miserie continues euer? The poore man standing thus at deaths doore, and loking euery minute when he should be let in, behold, another Londoner, that had likewise bin in the Frigida Zona of the countrey, and was returning (like Aeneas out of hell) to the heauen of his owne home, makes a stand at this sight, to play the Phisition, and seeing by the complexion of his patient that he was sick at heart, applies to his soule the best medicines that his comforting speech could make, for there dwelt no Poticary neere enough to help his body. Being therefore driuen out of all other shifts, he leades him into a field (a bundle of Straw, which with much adoe he bought for money, seruing in stead of a pillow.) But the destinies hearing the diseased partie complaine and take on, because he lay vpon a field-bed, when before he would haue bin glad of a mattris, for very spite cut the thread of his life, the crueltie of which deede, made the other (that playd Charities part) at his wits end, because he knewe not where to purchace tenne foote of ground for his graue: the Church nor Church-yard would let none of their lands: Maister Vicar was struck dumb, and could not giue the dead a good word, neither Clarke nor Sexton could be hirde to execute their office; no, they themselues would first be executed: so that hee that neuer handled Shouell before, got his implements about him, ript vp the belly of the earth, and made it like a graue, stript the cold carcas, bound his shirt about his feete, puld a linnen night-cap ouer his eyes, and so layd him in the rotten bed of the earth, couering him with clothes cut out of the same piece; and learning by his last words his name and habitation, this sad trauailer arriues at London, deliuering to the amazed widow and children in stead of a father and a husband, only the out-side of him, his apparell. But by the way note one thing, the bringer of these heauie tidings (as if he had liu'd long enough when so excellent a worke of pietie and pittie was by him finished) the very next day after his comming home, departed out of this world, to receiue his reward in the Spirituall court of heauen.

It is plaine therefore by the euidence of these two witnesses, that death like a thiefe sets vpon men in the bye way, dogs them into

into their owne houſes, breakes into their bed-chambers by night, aſſaults them by day, and yet no law can take hold of him: he deuoures man and wife: offers violence to their faire daughters: kils their youthfull ſonnes, and deceiues them of their ſeruants: yea, ſo full of treacherie is he growne (ſince this Plague tooke his part) that no Louers dare truſt him, nor by their good wils would come neere him, for he workes their downefall, euen when their delights are at the higheſt.

To ripe a proofe haue wee of this, in a paire of Louers; the mayd was in the pride of freſh bloud and beawty: ſhe was that which to be now is a wonder, young and yet chaſt: the gifts of her mind were great, yet thoſe which fortune beſtowed vpon her (as being well deſcended) were not much inferior: On this louely creature did a young man ſo ſtedfaſtly fixe his eye, that her lookes kindled in his boſome a deſire, whoſe flames burnt the more brightlie, becauſe they were fed with ſweet and modeſt thoughts: Hymen was the God to whom he prayed day and night that he might marry her: his prayers were receiued, & at length (after many repelſs of her denial & the frownes of kinſfolke) the element grew cleere, & he ſaw the happy landing-place, where he had long ſought to ariue: the prize of her youth was made his owne, & the ſolemne day appointed when it ſhould be deliuered to him. Glad of which bleſſednes (for to a louer it is a bleſſednes) he wrought by all the poſſible arte he could vſe to ſhorten the expected houre, and bring it nearer: for whether he feared the interception of parents, or that his owne ſoule (with exceſſe of ioy) was drowned in ſtrange paſſions, he would often, with ſighes mingled with kiſſes, and kiſſes halfe ſinking in teares, propheticallie tell her, that ſure he ſhould neuer liue to inioy her: To diſcredit which opinion of his, behold, the Sunne has made haſt and wakened the bridall morning. Now does he call his heart traytor, that did ſo falſely conſpire againſt him: liuely bloud leapes into his cheekes: hee's got vp, and gaily attirde to play the Bridegroome; She likewiſe does as cunninglie turne her ſelfe into a Bride; kindred and friends are met together; Sops and Muſcadine run ſweating vp and downe till they drop againe, to comfort their hearts, and becauſe ſo many Coffins peſtred London-Churches,

that there was no roome left for weddings, Coaches are prouided, and away rides all the trayne into the Countrey. On a Monday morning are these lustie louers on their iourney, and before none are they alighted, entring (in stead of an Inne) for more State into a Church, where they no sooner appeared, but the Priest fell to his business, the holie knot was a tying, but hée that should fasten it, comming to this, In sickness and in health, there he stopt, for suddenly the bride tooke hold of, in sickness, for in health all that stode by were in feare she should neuer be kept. The mayden-blush into which her chéekes were lately dyed, now began to lose colour: her voyce (like a coward) would haue shrunke away, but that her Louer reaching her a hand, which he brought thither to giue her, (for he was not yet made a full Husband) did with that touch somewhat reuiue her: on went they againe so farre, till they met with For better, for worse, there was she worse then before, and had not the holy Officer made haste, the ground on which she stode to be maryed might easily haue bin broken vp for her buriall. All Ceremonies being finished, she was lead betweene two, not like a Bride, but like a Coarse, to her bed: That must now be the table, on which the wedding dinner is to be serued vp (being at this time nothing, but teares and sighes and lamentation) and Death is chiefe waiter, yet at length her weake heart wrastling with the pangs, gaue them a fall, so that vp she stode againe, and in the fatall funerall Coach that caryed her forth, was she brought back (as vpon a Bére) to the Citie: but see the malice of her enemy that had her in chace, vpon the Wednesday following being ouertaken, was her life ouercome, Death rudely lay with her, & spoild her of a maydenhead in spite of her husband. Oh the sorrow that did round beset him! now was his diuination true, she was a wife, yet continued a mayd: he was a husband and a widower, yet neuer knew his wife: she was his owne, yet he had her not: she had him, yet neuer enioyed him: héere is a strange alteration, for the Rosemary that was washt in swéete water to set out the Bridall, is now wet in teares to furnish her buriall: the Musick that was heard to sound forth dances cannot now be heard for the ringing of bels: all the comfort

that

that happened to either side being this, that he lost her, before she had time to be an ill wife, and she left him, ere he was able to be a bad husband.

Better fortune had this Bride to fall into the handes of the Plague, then one other of that fraile female sexe, (whose picture is next to be drawne) had to scape out of them. An honest Cobler (if at least Coblers can be honest, that liue altogether amongst wicked soales) had a wife, who in the time of health treading her shoe often awry, determined in the agony of a sickenesse (which this yeare had a saying to her) to fall to mending as wel as her husband did. The bed that she laie vpon (being as she thought, or rather feared) the last bed that euer should beare her, (for many other beds had borne her you must remember) and ỹ worme of sinne tickling her conscience, vp she calles her verie innocent and simple husband, out of his vertuous shop, where like Iustice he sat distributing among the poore, to some, halfe-penny pieces, penny-pieces to some, and two-penny pieces to others, so long as they would last; his prouident care being allwaies, that euery man and woman should goe vpright. To the beds side of his plaguy wife approaches Mounsieur Cobler, to vnderstand what deadly newes she had to tell him, and the rest of his kinde neighbours that there were assembled: Such thicke teares, standing in both the gutters of his eyes, to see his beloued ly in such a pickle, that in their salt water, all his vtterance was drowned: which she perceiuing, wept as fast as he: But by the warme counsel which sat about the bed, the shewer ceast; she wiping her cheekes with the corner of one of the sheetes, and hee, his sullyed face, with his lethren Apron. At last, two or three sighes (like a Chorus to the Tragedy ensuing) stepping out first, wringing her handes (which gaue the better Action) she tolde the pittifull Actæon her husband, that she had often done him wrong: hee onely shooke his head at this, and cried humh! which humh, she taking as the watchword of his true patience, vnraueld the bottome of her frailtie at length, and concluded, that with such a man (and named him, but I hope you would not haue me follow her steppes and name him too) she practized the vniuersall & common Art of grafting, and that vpon her good mans head, they

twe had planted a monstrous paire of inuisible hornes : At the sound of the Hornes, my Cobler started vp like a march Hare, and began to loke wilde : his Awle neuer ran through the sides of a boote, as that word did through his heart : but being a politicke Cobler, and remembring what piece of worke he was to vnder-laie, stroking his beard (like some graue Head-borough of the Parish) and giuing a nod, as who should say goe on, bad her goe on indeed, clapping to her sore soule, this generall salue, that All are sinners, and we must forgiue, &c. For he hoped by such wholesome Phisicke, (as Shoe-makers ware being laide to a Byle) to drawe out all the corruption of her secret villanies. Shee good heart being tickled vnder the gilles, with the finger of these kinde speeches, turnes vp the white of her eye, and fetches out an other. Another (O thou that art trained vp in nothing but to handle pieces) Another hath discharged his Artillery against thy Castle of Fortification : here was passion predominant : Vulcan strooke the Coblers ghost (for he was now no Cobler) so harde vpon his breast, that he cryed oh ! his neighbours taking pittie to see what terrible stitches pulde him, rubde his swelling temples with the iuice of patience, which (by vertue of the blackish sweate that stood reeking on his browes, and had made them supple) entered very easily into his now-parlous-vnderstanding scull : So that he left winching, and sat quiet as a Lambe, falling to his olde vomit of councell, which he had cast vp before, and swearing (because he was in strong hope, this shoe, should wring him no more) to seale her a general acquittance, prickt forward with this gentle spurre, her tongue mends his pace, so that in her confession shee ouertooke others, whose bootes had bene set all night on the Coblers Last, bestowing vpon him the Posse of their names, the time, and place, to the intent it might be put into his next wiues wedding-ring. And although she had made all these blots in his tables, yet the bearing of one man false (whom she had not yet discouered) stucke more in her stomach than all the rest. O valiant Cobler (cries out one of the Auditors) how art thou set vpon ? how art thou tempted ? happie art thou, that thou art not in thy shop, for in stead of cutting out pieces of leather, thou wouldst doubtles now pare away thy heart : for I see,

and

and so do all thy neighbours heare (thy wiues ghostly fathers) see that a smal matter wold now make thee turn Turk, and to medle with no more patches: but to liue within the compasse of thy wit: lift not vp thy collar: be not horne mad: thank heauen ỹ the murder is reueald: Study thou Baltazars part in Ieronimo, for thou hast more cause (tho lesse reason) than he, to be glad and sad.

Well, I see thou art worthy to haue patient Grisild to thy wife, for thou bearest more than she: thou shewst thy selfe to be a right Cobler & no Sowter, that canst thus cleanly clout vp ỹ broken & seamerent sides of thy affection. With this learned oration the Cobler was tutord: laid his finger on his mouth, & cried *Paucos palabros*: he had seald her pardon, and therefore bid her not feare: herevpon she named the malefactor (I could name him too, but that he shall liue to giue more Coblers heads the bastinado.) And told, that on such a night when he supt there (for a Lord may sup with a Cobler, that hath a prettie wench to his wife) when the cloth (O treacherous linnen!) was taken vp, and Menelaus had for a parting blow, giuen the other his fist; downe she lightes (this half-sharer) opening the wicket, but not shutting him out of the wicket; but conueys him into a by-roome (being the wardrob of old shoes and leather) from whence (the Vnicorne-cobler (that dreamt of no such spirits) being ouer-head and eares in slæpe; his snorting giuing the signe that he was cock-sure) softly out-steales Sir Paris, and to Hellenaes teeth prou'd himselfe a true Troian.

This was the creame of her confession, which being skimd off from the stomach of her conscience, shee looked euery minute to goe thither, where shee should be farre enough out of the Coblers reache. But the Fates laying their heades together, sent a Reprieue, the Plague that before meant to pepper her, by little and little left her company: which newes being blowne abroad, Oh lamentable! neuer did the olde buskind Tragedy begin till now: for the wiues of those husbands, with whom she had plaide at fast and loose, came with nailes sharpned for the nonce like cattes, and tongues forkedly cut like the stings of Addars, first to scratch out false Cressidaes eyes, and then (which was worse) to worry her to death with scolding.

But

But the matter was toke vp in a Tauerne; the case was alte-red, and brought to a new reckoning (marry the bloud of the Burdeux Grape was first ahead about it) but in the end, all anger on euery side was powred into a pottle-pot, and there burnt to death. Now whether this Recantation was true, or whether the steame of infection, fuming vp (like wine) into her braines, made her talke thus idely, I leaue it to the Jury.

And whilst they are canuasing her case, let vs see what doings the Sexton of Stepny hath: whose ware-houses being all full of dead commodities, sauing one: that one he left open a whole night (yet was it half full too) knowing ỹ theeues this yeare were too honest to breake into such Cellers. Besides those that were left there, had such plaguy-pates, that none durst meddle with them for their liues. About twelue of the clocke at midnight, when spi-rites walke, and not a Mouse dare stirre, because Cattes goe a Catter-walling: Sinne, that all day durst not shewe his head, came reeling out of an Alehouse in the shape of a drunkard: who no sooner smelt the winde, but he thought the ground vnder him danced the Canaries: houses seemed to turne on the toe, and all things went rounde: in so much that his legges drew a paire of Indentures, betweene his bodie and the earth, the principall co-uenant being, that he for his part would stand to nothing what euer he sawe: euery tree that came in his way, did he iustle, and yet challendge it the next day to fight with him. If he had clipt but a quarter so much of the Kings siluer, as he did of the Kings Eng-lish, his carkas had long ere this, bene carion for Crowes. But he liued by gaming, and had excellent casting, yet seldom wonne, for he drew reasonable good hands, but had very bad fete, that were not able to carry it away. This setter vp of malt-men, be-ing troubled with the staggers, fell into the self-same graue, which stood gaping wide open for a breakfast next morning, and imagi-ning (when he was in) that he had stumbled into his own house, and that all his bedfellowes (as they were indeede) were in their dead slepe, he, (neuer complaining of colde, nor calling for more sheete) soundly takes a nap till he snorts againe: In the morning, the Sexton comes plodding along, and casting vpon his fingers ends what he hopes the dead pay of that day wil come to, by that

which

that which he receiued the day before, (for Sextons now had better doings than either Tauernes or bawdy-houses,): In that siluer contemplation, shrugging his shoulders together, he stepped ere he be aware on the brimmes of that pit, into which this worshipper of Bacchus was falne, where finding some dead mens bones, and a scull or two, that laie scattered here and there; before he lookte into this Coffer of wormes, those he takes vp, and flinges them in: one of the sculls battered the sconce of the sléper, whilest the bones plaide with his nose; whose blowes waking his mustie worship, the first word that he cast vp, was an oath, & thinking the Cannes had flyen about, cryed zoundes, what doe you meane to cracke my mazer? the Sexton smelling a voice, (feare being stronger than his heart) beléeued verily, some of the coarses spake to him, vpon which, féeling himselfe in a cold sweat, tooke his héeles, whilst the Goblin scrambled vp and ranne after him: But it appeares the Sexton had the lighter fote, for he ran so fast, that hée ranne out of his wittes, which being left behinde him, he dyed in a short time after, because he was not able to liue without them.

A merrier bargaine than the poore Sextons did a Tincker méete with all in a Countrey Towne; through which a Citizen of London béeing driuen (to kéepe himselfe vnder the léeshore in this tempestuous contagion) and casting vp his eye for some harbour, spied a bush at the ende of a pole, (the auncient badge of a Countrey Ale-house:) Into which as good lucke was, (without any resistance of the Barbarians, that all this yeare vsed to kéepe such landing places) veiling his Bonnet, he strucks in. The Host had bene a mad Gréeke, (mary he could now speake nothing but English,) a goodly fat Burger he was, with a belly Arching out like a Béere-barrell, which made his legges (that were thicke & short like two piles driuen vnder London-bridge) to straddle halfe as wide as the toppe of Powles, which vpon my knowledge hath bene burnt twice or thrice. A leatherne pouche hung at his side, that opened and shut with a Snap hance, and was indéed a flaske for gun-powder when King Henry went to Bulloigne. An Antiquary might haue pickt rare matter out of his Nose, but that it was worme-eaten (yet that proued it to

be an an ancient Nose:) In some corners of it, there were blewish holes, that shonne like shelles of mother of Pearle, and to dow his Nose right, Pearles had bene gathered out of them: other were richly garnisht with Rubies, Chrisolites and Carbunckles, which glistered so orienty that the Hamburgers, offered I knowe not how many Dollars, for his company in an East-Indian voyage, to haue stode a nightes in the Pope of their Admirall, onely to saue the charges of candles. In conclusion, he was an Host to be leade before an Emperour, and though he were one of the greatest men in all the shire, his bigneste made him not proude, but he humbled himselfe to speake the base language of a Tapster, and vpon the Londoners first arriuall, cryed welcome, a cloth for this Gentleman: the Linnen was spread and furnisht presently with a new Cake and a Can, the Rome voided, and the Guest leste (like a French Lord) attended by no bodie: who drinking halfe a Can (in conceit) to the health of his best friend the Citie, which laie extreame sicke, and had neuer more need of health, I know not what qualmes came ouer his stomach, but immediately he fell downe without vttering any more wordes, and neuer rose againe.

Anon (as it was his fashion) enters my puffing Host, to relieue with a fresh supply out of his Celler,) the shrinking Can, if hee perceiued it stood in daunger to be ouerthrowne. But seeing the chiefe Leader dropt at his feete, and imagining at first hee was but wounded a little in the head, held vp his gowty golles and blest himselfe, that a Londoner (who had wont to be the most valiant rob pottes) should now be stroke downe only with two howpes: and thereupon iogd him, fombling out these comfortable words of a souldier, If thou art a man stand a thy legges: he stird not for all this: whereupon the Maydes being raisde (as it had bene with a hue and cry) came hobling into the Rome, like a flocke of Geese, and hauing vpon search of the bodie giuen vp this verdict, that the man was dead, and murthered by the Plague; Oh daggers to all their hearts that heard it! Away trudge the wenches, and one of them hauing had a freckled face all her life time, was perswaded presently that now they were

the

the tokens, and had liked to haue turned vp her héeles vpon it: My gorbelly Hoſt, that in many a yeare could not without grunting, crawle ouer a threſhold but two foote broad, leapte halfe a yarde from the coarſe (It was meaſured by a Carpenters rule) as nimbly, as if his guttes had bene taken out by the hangman: out of the houſe he wallowed preſently, beeing followed with two or three dozen of napkins to drie vp the larde, that ranne ſo faſt downe his héeles, that all the way hée went, was more greazie than a kitchin-ſtuffe-wifes baſket: you woulde haue ſworne, it had bene a barrell of Pitch on fire, if you had looked vpon him, for ſuche a ſmoakie clowde (by reaſon of his owne fattie hotte ſteame) compaſſed him roundc, that but for his voice, he had quite bene loſt in that ſtincking miſt: hanged himſelfe hee had without all queſtion (in this pittifull taking) but that hée feared the weight of his intollerable paunch, would haue burſt the Roape, and ſo hee ſhould be put to a double death. At length the Towne was raiſed, the Countrey came downe vpon him, and yet not vppon him neither, for after they vnderſtood the Tragedie, euery man gaue ground, knowing my purſie Ale-cunner could not follow them: what is to be done in this ſtraunge Allarum? The whole Village is in daunger to lye at the mercy of God, and ſhall be bound to curſe none, but him for it: they ſhould doe well therefore, to ſet fire on his houſe, before the Plague ſcape out of it, leaſt it forrage higher into the Country, and knocke them downe, man, woman, and childe, like Oxen, whoſe blood (they all ſweare) ſhall be required at his handes. At theſe ſpéeches my tender-hearted Hoſt, fell downe on his maribones, meaning indéed to intreat his audience to be good to him; but they fearing hee had bene pepperd too, as well as the Londoner, tumbled one ouer another, and were readie to breake their neckes for haſte to be gone: yet ſome of them (being more valiant then the reſt, becauſe they heard him roare out for ſome helpe) verie deſperately ſtept backe, and with rakes and pitch-forkes lifted the gulch from the ground. Cõcluding (after they had laid their hogs-heads togither, to draw out ſome holeſom counſel) that whoſoeuer would venture vpõ the dead man & bury him, ſhould haue fortie

shillings (out of the common towne-purse, though it would be a great cut to it) with the loue of the Churchwardens and Sidemen, during the terme of life. This was proclaimd, but none durst appeare to vndertake the dreadfull execution: they loued money well, mary the plague hanging ouer any mans head that should meddle with it in that sort, they all vowde to dye beggers before it should be Chronicled they sold themselues for sixtie shillings: and in that braue resolution, euery one with bag and baggage marcht home, barricadoing their doores and windowes with firbushes, ferne, and bundles of straw to keepe out the pestilence at the staues end.

At last a Tinker came sounding through the towne, mine Hosts house being the auncient watring place where he did vse to call Anchor. You must vnderstand he was none of those base rascally Tinkers, that with a bandog and a drab at their tailes, and a pike-staffe on their necks, will take a purse sooner then stop a kettle: No, this was a deuout Tinker, he did honor God Pan: a Musicall Tinker, that vpon his kettle-drum could play any country dance you cald for, and vpon Hollidayes had earnd money by it, when no Fidler could be heard of. He was onely feared when he stalkt through some townes where Bees were, for he struck so sweetely on the bottome of his copper instrument, that he would emptie whole Hiues, and leade the swarmes after him only by the sound.

This excellent egregious Tinker calls for his draught (being a double Jug) it was fild for him, but before it came to his nose, the lamentable tale of the Londoner was told, the Chamber-dore (where he lay) being thrust open with a long pole, (because none durst touch it with their hands) and the Tinker bidden (if he had the heart) to goe in and see if he knew him. The Tinker being not to learne what vertue the medicine had which he held at his lippes, powred it downe his throate merily, and crying trillill, he feared no plagues. In he kept, tossing the dead body to and fro, and was sory he knew him not: Mine Host that with griefe began to fall away villanously, loking very rufully on the Tinker, and thinking him a fit instrument to be plaid vpon, offred a crowne out of his

owne.

owne purse, if he would bury the partie. A crowne was a shrewd temptation to a Tinker; many a hole might he stop, before he could pick a crowne of it, yet being a suttle Tinker (and to make all Sextons pray for him, because he would raise their fees) an Angell he wanted to be his guide, and vnder ten shillings (by his ten bones) he would not put his finger in the fire. The whole parish had warning of this presently, thirtie shillings was saued by the bargaine, and the towne likely to be saued too, therefore ten shillings was leuyed out of hand, put into a rag, which was tyed to the end of a long pole and deliuered (in sight of all the parish, who stode aloofe stopping their noses) by the Headboroughs owne selfe in proper person, to the Tinker, who with one hand receiued the money, and with the other struck the bord, crying hey, a freshy double pot. Which armor of prose being fitted to his body, vp he hoists the Londoner on his back (like a Schoole-boy) a Shouell and Pick-axe standing readie for him: And thus furnished, into a field some good distance from the towne he beares his deadly loade, and there throwes it downe, falling roundly to his toles, vpon which the strong bare hauing set an edge, they quickly cut out a lodging in the earth for the Citizen. But the Tinker knowing that wormes needed no apparell, sauing only sheetes, stript him starke naked, but first diu'de nimbly into his pocket, to see what linings they had, assuring himselfe, that a Londoner would not wander so farre without siluer: his hopes were of the right stamp, for from one of his pockets he drew a letherne bag, with seauen pounds in it: this musick made the Tinkers heart dance, he quickly tumbled his man into the graue, hid him ouer head and eares in dust, bound vp his clothes in a bundle, and carying that at the end of his staffe on his shoulder, with the purse of seauen pounds in his hand, back againe comes he through the towne, crying alowd, Haue ye any more Londoners to bury, hey downe a downe derry, haue ye any more Londoners to bury: the Hobbinolls running away from him, as if he had bin the dead citizens ghost, and he marching away from them in all the hast he could, with that song still in his mouth.

You see therefore how dreadfull a fellow Death is, making

soules euen of wisemen, and cowards of the most valiant; yea, in such a base slauery hath it bound mens sences, that they haue no power to looke higher than their owne noses, but seeme by their turkish and barbarous actions to beleeue that there is no felicitie after this life, and that (like beasts) their soules shall perish with their bodies. How many vpon sight only of a Letter (sent from London) haue started back, and durst haue laid their saluation vpon it, that the plague might be soloed in that emptie paper, beleeuing verily, that the arme of Omnipotence could neuer reach them, vnlesse it were with some weapon drawne out of the infected Citie: in so much that euen the Westerne Pugs receiuing money here, haue tyed it in a bag at the end of their barge, and so trailed it through the Thames, least plearue sores sticking vpon shillings, they should be naild vp for counterfets when they were brought home.

More ventrous than these block-heads was a certaine Iustice of peace, to whose gate being shut (for you must know that now there is no open house kept) a companie of wilde fellowes being lead for robbing an orchyard, the stout-hearted Constable rapt most courageously, and would haue about with none, but the Iustice himselfe, who at last appeard in his likenes aboue at a window, inquiring why they summond a parlee. It was deliuered why: the case was opened to his examining wisedome, and that the euill doers were only Londoners: at the name of Londoners, the Iustice clapping his hand on his brest (as who should say, Lord haue mercy vpon vs) started back, and being wise enough to saue one, held his nose hard betweene his fore-finger and his thumb, and speaking in that wise (like the fellow that described the villainous motion of Iulius Cæsar and the Duke of Guize, who (as he gaue it out) fought a combat together) pulling the casement close to him, cryed out in that quaile-pipe voice, that if they were Londoners, away with them to Limbo: take only their names: they were sore fellowes, and he would deale with them when time should serue: meaning, when the plague and they should not be so great together, and so they departed; the very name of Londoners being worse then ten whetstones to sharpen the sword of Iustice against them.

I could fill a large volume, and call it the second part of the hundred merry tales, onely with such ridiculous stuffe as this of the Iaylor, but *Dii meliora*, I haue better matters to set my wits about: neither shall you wring out of my pen (though you lay it on the rack) the villanies of that damnd Keeper, who kild all she kept; it had bin good to haue made her keeper of the common Iayle, and the holes of both Counters, for a number lye there, that wish to be rid out of this motley world, she would haue tickled them, and turned them ouer the thumbs. I will likewise let the Church-warden in Thames streete sleepe (for hees now past waking) who being requested by one of his neighbors to suffer his wife or child (that was then dead) to lye in the Church-yard, answered in a mocking sort, he kept that lodging for himselfe and his household, and within three dayes after was driuen to hide his head in a hole himselfe. Neither will I speake a word of a poore boy (seruant to a Chandler) dwelling thereabouts, who being struck to the heart by sicknes, was first caryed away by water, to be left any where, but landing being denyed by an army of browne bill-men that kept the shore, back againe was he brought, and left in an out-celler, where lying groueling and groning on his face (amongst fagots, but not one of them set on fire to comfort him) there continued all night, and dyed miserably for want of succor. Nor of another poore wretch in the Parish of Saint Mary Ouerys, who being in the morning thrown (as the fashion is) into a graue vpon a heape of carcases, that stayd for their complement, was found in the afternoone, gasping and gaping for life: but by these tricks, imagining that many a thousand haue bin turned wrongfully off the ladder of life, and praying that Derick or his executors may liue to do those a good turne, that haue done so to others:

Hic finis Priami, heeres an end
of an old Song.

Et iam tempus Equum fumantia soluere colla.

FINIS.